

OLD BATTLE SHIP WHISKEY ASTRAY.

Tragedy of Major Thomas's Famous Kentucky Blend.

A CHRISTENING GIFT.

"Not for Politicians," Declares the Veteran Turfman.

KEEPS IT TWO DECADES.

But with Blue Grass Gallantry He Tenders It to Miss Harriet Richardson.

NEXT IN HERBERT'S HANDS.

There is a Dinner, Cleveland is a Guest, and the Curtain Falls Upon a Sad De-nouement.

THE CURTAIN RAISER.

[Scene.—The home in Lexington, Ky., of Major Barak G. Thomas, the veteran turfman, who presented the bottle of forty-year-old Kentucky whiskey to Miss Harriet B. Richardson, with which she was to christen the battle ship Kentucky. The Major is talking to a reporter.]

"I want you to ask me what has become of that whiskey. I did not intend that it should be guzzled by politicians. Miss Richardson, whose father was one of my neighbors, came to me and asked for a bottle of my old whiskey with which to christen the ship. I told her she could have two bottles if she wanted them, but she replied that one was sufficient.

"I gave her the bottle, understanding that it would be broken over the prow of the Kentucky and that its choice aroma would blend with the sea foam as it dashes over the prow of the mighty vessel when she glides into the ocean. I very much fear, however, that the whiskey has met its fate long ago and will never be used for the purpose for which it was intended.

"That whiskey was distilled in 1855 and I bought it a year or two later. While I was in the Confederate army it was hidden away in the cellar of my old friend, the late Madison C. Johnson, where it remained until 1870, when I bottled it. It grieves me deeply to think that the bottle I gave to Miss Richardson for patriotic purposes has probably been consumed by politicians like Mr. Herbert and Mr. Cleveland. I think Mr. Herbert might at least return the bottle to me, so that I may have some reminder of the vicissitudes through which this old liquor has passed."

FATE OF THE WHISKEY

A Tragedy in Five Acts.

[Scene.—The library in the home of Miss Richardson, in Lexington, Ky. Miss R. is seated at her desk writing a letter.]

"To the Hon. Henry A. Herbert, Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

"And now, my dear Secretary, kindly do me the honor to sample the accompanying bottle of forty-year-old Kentucky Dew, and if it meets with your disapproving approval, carefully replace the cork in its original position and save the rest, that with it I may christen the gallant Kentucky as she deserves.

Appreciating the honor that you have bestowed upon me I remain, yours sincerely,

HARRIET RICHARDSON.

[Scene.—The dining room in the home of Secretary of the Navy Herbert in Washington. President Cleveland and his cabinet officers are the only persons present. The Secretary is speaking.]

"Now, Mr. President, I appreciate greatly your complimentary remarks concerning this old-fashioned Alabama dinner, of which you have done me the honor to partake to-night, but allow me to remark that it could not come to a fit conclusion unless I offered you a sample of some forty-year-old Kentucky whiskey, which has been sent up to be used in christening the Kentucky. I don't know about the christening of the Kentucky, which will hardly occur under such auspicious conditions, but I do know that it will be nothing short of high treason to the party, Mr. President, to permit this bottle to go over as a legacy to an austere and unchristian Republican regime."

[A moment's delay.]

"Say when, Mr. President."

"When—Here's looking at you."

"A little, Mr. President."

"Mr. Secretary, there are occasions when your subsequent remarks are apropos. On this occasion, however, I am compelled to remind you that water, under such circumstances, will be apt to stay."

[A brief interval of silence.]

"Mr. Secretary, do you remember reading the history of how a serious misunderstanding was narrowly averted between the chief magistrates of two important Southern commonwealths?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. President, I was simply engaged in considering a problem in metaphysics, but here's looking at you. The problem, Mr. President, was the

WHERE, OH, WHERE, IS MAJAH THOMAS'S WHISKEY?

Stanza I.

THERE'S a crisis in Kentucky

That may yet involve the nation,

For Majah Thomas, sah, has wired

Demanding information

As to the present whereabouts

Of a flask of precious whiskey

Sent months since, or thereabouts,

To Washington. 'Twas risky

On the Majah's part to send

Such nectar to that city,

Even though consigned to a dear friend—

A lady—more's the pity.

Stanza II.

THIS sacred whiskey was devised

For rites of solemn splendor,

And gladly sacrificed, though prized

As diamonds, by its sender.

To fair Miss Richardson 'twas sent,

That she, then deemed the lucky

Maiden sponsor for the ship,

Might christen the "Kentucky"

In manner novel and unique.

But that fair plan miscarried—

So did the whiskey, so to speak—

And now her soul is harried

By Majah Thomas's demand

To know, with all due favor,

What happened to the liquor, and,

He'd like to test its flavor.

Stanza III.

NOW, Grover Cleveland reigned that

time

That these events were shaping,

And Herbert, in official prime,

Was no good thing escaping

That came a Secretary's way.

So when, with pride and pleasure,

The fair Miss Richardson, one day,

Bore him that flask, the measure

Of his official joy was full.

He hid him unto Grover—

They drew the cork—each took a pull—

Alas! what seal was over

Of that sweet nectar consecrate

To christening the "Kentucky"

No drop remained. And now, thus late,

Miss Richardson, unlucky,

"Majah" Thomas must explain!

Well, best is soonest over.

Just wire—"Dear Majah, don't complain—

Search Hilary and Grover."

Stanza IV.

Scene.—The private office of the Secretary of the Navy Department, Washington. The Secretary is writing a note.

"MISS R.—Lexington, Ky.

"My dear young lady,

"Where DID you get that whiskey?

Yours truly,

"H—T."

Scene.—Lexington, Washington, Kentucky, Ky. Washington. Time.—The present day.

MISS RICHARDSON—Secretary Herbert promised that I should christen the Kentucky.

EX-SECRETARY HERBERT—I wrote Miss Richardson that I might not be able to make good my promise.

GOVERNOR BRADLEY—My daughter, Christine, is going to christen the Kentucky.

MISS CHRYSTINE—I don't want to christen the Kentucky.

PAPA BRADLEY—You've got it to christen all the same.

MAJOR BARAK G. THOMAS—What gaudy politicians have got my forty-year-old whiskey?

ACT V.

Scene.—The far-off ducking blinds of Wymah Bay, ex-President Cleveland is speaking.

"Yes, that's good, but the best I ever tasted was a bottle of forty-year-old Kentucky blend that Secretary Herbert opened last winter. He had only one bottle and never could get any more like it."

(Quint.)

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